





# THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

HEREA. - KENTUCKY

JUNE—1900.

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Lord Roberts is one of the best swordsmen in the British army. He is also an expert with the lance and in earlier days won several prizes through these accomplishments.

An Iowa young man not long ago proposed marriage to a young woman, but, hearing that her hair was false, he declined to fulfill his engagement. She brought suit against him for breach of promise, but she was nonsuited on the ground that she had won the young man's affections under false pretenses.

First Lieut. Hugh A. Drum, of the 12th infantry, now serving on the island of Luzon, is said to be the youngest officer in the American army. His father, Capt. Drum, was killed on San Juan hill. The son fought in the same battle, and has been in several engagements in the Philippines. He has been mentioned in the dispatches several times.

The working men's insurance laws have had a very good effect in German cities in diminishing tuberculosis, by compelling the wage-earning classes to join sick clubs and thereby putting them in the way of taking better care of their health and providing them with medical attendance and nursing at an early stage when tuberculosis is not yet incurable.

Because she gazed too long at the eclipse of the sun the other day, Mrs. H. C. McAllister, of Constaigo Center, Pa., has been stricken blind. Mrs. McAllister was deeply interested in the solar phenomenon, and watched it steadily for a long time, both with the naked eye and through a smoked glass. Her sight became dim the following day and gradually grew worse until she became blind.

Ernest Kruger, a compositor employed in a printing office in Leipzig, Germany, has just completed his fiftieth year of service and has been occupied in setting type for one book nearly all that time. The book is Kruger's German dictionary, and the first batch of manuscript was turned over to the compositor in 1851. Thus far 32,000 pages have been printed, and the work is not yet half done.

It is not believed that any part of Capt. Oberlin M. Carter's punishment will be harder to bear than the wearing of prison garb at Leavenworth. A more fastidious dresser never lived. During his stay at Savannah he had all his civilian clothes made in London, and a leading New York haberdasher used to send him at times a trunk full of cravats, gloves, collars, etc., from which to make selections.

The printers' strike at Amsterdam has had a peculiar result in the journalistic world. From April 28 to April 30 no Amsterdam newspapers appeared, but from that date the managers of nine newspapers agreed to print a single sheet, calling it the "Extraordinary Journal," which is now being printed for a circulation of 200,000. All the subscribers of the nine papers are thus served with the news in abridged form.

What is thought to be an antileprous shrub is now under test in Honolulu. It is reputed to have cured a number of natives of this dread disease. Surgeon Carmichael, of the marine hospital service in Honolulu, has received some vials of the extract of this shrub, sent by the surgeon general at Washington for experiment. It will be a wonderful thing if it is ascertained that nature has provided a prophylactic or cure for the scourge of leprosy.

A fresh impetus will be given to the pictorial post card craze by the ingenious invention of an Italian, who has hit upon the idea of producing a card which not only depicts a scene in colors, but likewise serves as a kind of barometer. According to the atmosphere varies the colors change on the cards, and the inventor has so contrived that the colors shall be used so as to give each scene illustrated the effect that would be produced under different atmospheric conditions.

The only person now living who was at the Hermitage with Andrew Jackson during his last years is old Uncle Alfred, who was the body servant of the great Tennesseean. The old cabin where he has been is still his residence, but it has recently been rehinked and daubed. He owns in his cabin many of the Jackson relics. The bed he sleeps on was one of the fine mahogany pieces bought when the house was refurbished after the fire in 1836. He has a large china urn which was bought in New Orleans. It is very quaint.

## HIS SECRET.

The good man lay, all white and still, Under the pall of fragrant flowers, And the neighbors wondered about the will. And talked of the dead man's gifts and powers.

With many a doleful shake of the head Recounting the kind, wise words he said, That had helped so many to climb life's hill.

Said one: "He never would pass a debt. That he held against the needy or poor." Said another: "His table was always set For the hungry stranger who passed the door."

While yet another, with bated breath, Told of the gentle and peaceful death, With never a sign of jar or fret.

And each one asked what was the gift That made his life so full of peace, While others' burdens were hard to lift, And death seemed only a strange strain.

From tollsome labor and constant strain Of hopeless effort and helpless pain, With only the hope of the shroud's white shift?

Then one whose voice was soft and low, Rose up and spoke to the funeral guests: "Friends and neighbors of long ago, We are heritors all of his bequests. Not from duty his deeds were done, Not for Heaven his race was run. This is the secret—he loved men so!"

—Pauline Carrington Bouve, in Boston Transcript.

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bed and to the door, Margaret found her sister covering before a tall slender man in the rough dress and field equipment of a private soldier. With a light packet—letters, apparently—held forth in one hand, while the other grasped her wrist, Rollin Latrobe stood sternly gazing at the girl shrinking at his feet.

The tableau was over in another second. Springing up the broad marble stairs came Billy Gray, the corporal of the guard at his heels, and Latrobe saw his danger in a flash. Throwing little Gray aside as he would a terrier, the young athlete whirled on the stalwart regular. There was the sound of a crashing blow, followed by a heavy fall. The corporal went rolling down the steps with Latrobe bounding over the tumbling form, and the next instant he had vaulted over the ledge of the open window on the lower floor, and vanished through the gateway to the beach. And now all along the Calle Real the bugles were sounding "To Arms!"

## CHAPTER XVI.

That was a wild day in Manila. Far over near the Escolta somebody shot at a vagrant dog lapping water from a little pool under one of the many hydrants. The soldier police essayed an arrest; the culprit broke and ran; the guard fired; a lot of coolies, taking alarm, fled jabbering to the river side. The natives, looking for trouble any moment, rushed to their homes. Some soldiers on pass and unarmed tumbled over the tables and chairs in the Alhambra in their dash for the open street. A stampede sergeant told a bugler to sound to arms, and in the twinkling of an eye the call was taken up from barracks to barracks, and the news went flashing out by wire to the extreme front. The shopkeepers hastily put up their shutters and bolted their doors. Cabs, carts, quizes and carromatas—even the street cars—were instantly seized by the soldiery scattered all over town, and utilized to take them tearing back to join their regiments. In five minutes the business streets downtown were deserted. Chinese covered within their crowded huts. The natives, men and women, either hid within the shelter of their homes or fled to the sanctuary of the many churches. All over the great city the alarm spread like wildfire. The battalions formed under arms, those nearest the outer lines being marched at once to their positions in support, those nearer the walled city waiting for orders. Foreign residents took matters more coolly than did the Asiatic; German phlegm, English impassiveness and Yankee devil-may-care-ness preventing a panic. But those who had families and owned or could hire carriages and launches were not slow in seeking for their households the refuge of the fleet of transports lying placidly at anchor in the bay, where Dewey's bluejackets shifted their quids, went coolly to their stations and, grouped about their guns, quietly awaited further developments. In an agony of fear Col. Frost had bidden his driver to lash the ponies to a gallop and go like the wind to Malate; but the appearance of the long ranks of sturdy infantry resting on their arms and beginning to look bored, measurably reassured him before he reached his home. Once there, however, the sight of Nita, clinging hysterically to her sister and moaning on her bed, was sufficient to determine his first move, which was to wire for his launch to come around to the bay shore and take them off to the fleet. The next was to send and ask for an officer and 20 men from the Cuartel, on receiving which message the major commanding, standing on the dusty roadway in front of his men, grinned under his grizzled mustache and said: "Frost's got 'em again. Here, Gray, you go over and tell him to keep his hair on, that it's nothing but a fake alarm." And Gray, glad enough of the chance to go again into the presence of the woman who so fascinated him, sped on his mission. He was in a fury over his recent humiliation in her very sight—he, a commissioned officer, tossed aside like a child and outwitted by this daring intruder in the shape of a private soldier—he and his guard brushed away and derided by a young fellow in some strange regiment—who had easily escaped along the beach to an adjoining inclosure into which he darted and was no more seen. The streets were full of scurrying soldiers, and it was the simplest thing in the world for him to mingle with them and make his way to his own command. Of course, Gray well knew who the man must be—Nita's trouble-some lover of whom Witche had told him so much. There was his chance to recover the letters and claim the reward; but man and letters both had escaped his grasp; and when he pulled up, blown and exhausted after fruitless chase, he was brought to his senses by the sight of his own men falling in "for business," and he had to scamper for his sword and join them.

That was a miserable evening. Margaret Garrison was the only member of the household who seemed to have her wits about her and her nerves under control, for Frank, her liege lord, had his duty elsewhere, and not until hours later trotted slowly home. Margaret plainly let Gray understand how he had fallen in her estimation at being so easily tossed aside. A warning finger was laid upon her lip. "Not one word of what has happened while he is here," she muttered; and a nod of her fluffy head toward the perturbed colonel told plainly that the chief of the household really had no place in the family councils. To the sisters that alarm was a blessing in disguise. It was all sufficient to account for Nita's prostration. To the rash and reckless lad, who, claiming to be an orderly with a letter from the colonel, had been passed by the gate guard to the open stairway, it afforded ample cover for escape, when, alarmed by Nita's cry, Gray and the corporal came springing to her aid. To Gray himself it gave only a few minutes' forgetfulness of his trouble, for, smarting under the sting of a woman's only half-hidden disdain, he would have welcomed with almost savage joy some fierce battle with a skillful foe, some scene in which he could compel her respect and admiration. He was still smarting and stung when at last that opportunity came.

Long will Manila remember the night! It followed close upon the heels of warnings that for weeks held every officer and man to his post of duty. Day after day the strain increased. The insurgents, crowding upon our outposts in front of Santa Mesa on the north and of Santa Ana on the south side of the Pasig, had heaped insult and threats upon our silent sentries, compelled by orders to the very last to submit to anything but actual attack rather than bring on a battle. "The Americans are afraid," was the gleeful cry of Aguinaldo's officers, the jeer and taunt of his men. The regulars were soon to come and replace those volunteers, said the wisecracks of his cabinet, therefore strike now before the trained and disciplined troops arrive and sweep these big bores into the sea. And on the still, starlit night, sooner perhaps than his confederates with the walls intended, the rebel leader struck, and, long before the dawn of the lovely Sunday morn that followed, the fire flashed from 40,000 rifles in big semicircle around Manila, and the long-expected battle was on.

Hours after dawn, hours after the attack began, the—teenth were in extended battle order to the south of Malate confronted by thickets of bamboo that fairly swarmed with insurgents, yet, only by the incessant zip and "whizz" of their deadly missiles and the ceaseless crackle of rifle fire, could this be determined; for with their smokeless powder and their Indian-like skill in concealment nothing could be seen of their array. Over to the westward on the placid waters of the bay the huge Monadnock was driving shell after shell into the dense underbrush across the abandoned rice fields and the marshy flats that lined the shore. Over to the east resounding cheers and crashing volleys, punctuated by the sharp report of field guns, told that the comrade brigade was heavily engaged and, apparently, driving the enemy before them. To right and left their volunteer supports were banging into the brush with their heavy Springfields; and still there seemed no symptom of weakness along the immediate front, no sign of yielding. If anything the fury of the insurgent volleying increased as the sun climbed higher, and all along the blue-shirted line men grit

their teeth and swore as they crouched or lay full length along the roadside, peering through the filmy veil that drifted slowly across their front—the smoke from the Springfield of the volunteers. To lie there longer with the bullets buzzing close overhead or biting deep into the low embankment, sometimes tearing a stinging path through human flesh and bone, was adding to the nerve strain of the hours gone by. To rush headlong across that intervening open space, through deep and muddy pools and stagnant ditch, and hurl themselves upon the lurking enemy in the bamboo copse beyond, had been the ardent longing of the line since daylight came to illumine the field before them. Yet stern orders withheld. Defend, but do not advance, said the general's message; and the whisper went along from man to man: "There is trouble in town behind us, and the chief may need us there."

But, as eight o'clock passed with no word of uprising in the rear, and the cheering over toward Santa Ana grew loud and louder, the nerve strain upon the—teenth became well-nigh intolerable. "For God's sake, can't we be doing something instead of lying here fring into a hornet's nest?" was the murmur that arose in more than one company along the impatient line; and the gruff voices of veteran sergeants could be heard ordering silence, while, moving up and down behind their men, the line officers cautioned against waste of ammunition and needless exposure. "Lie flat, men. Keep down!" were the words. "We won't have to stand this forever. You'll soon get your chance." And presently it came. The cheering that had died away, far over to the left beyond the wooded knolls that surrounded Singalon and Block House 12, was suddenly taken up nearer at hand. Then crashing volleys sounded along the narrow roadway toward the east, and a bugle rang out shrill and clear above the noise of battle; and then closer still, though unseen in the gloom of the dense thicket in which they lay, the men of the Second battalion, strung along a Filipino trail that led away to the rice fields, swung their big straw hats and yelled for joy. A young officer, his eyes flashing, his face flushing with excitement, came bounding out from the grove at the left of the crouching line and made straight to where the veteran battalion commander knelt in rear of his center. It was Billy Gray, adjutant of the Third battalion, acting that day as adjutant to the regimental commander. The bullets whistled by his head as he darted springingly along; and in their joy at sight of him even old hands forgot the reserve of the regular service and some men shouted: "Now we're off!" and the popular query: "What's the matter with Lieut. Gray?"



He held her wrist.

At any other time, under any other circumstances, both questioner and respondents who gleefully shouted: "He's all right," would have been promptly and sternly suppressed. But the senior captain at their head well knew the excitement tingling in the nerves of that long-suffering line, and only smiled and nodded sympathy. He saw, too, that Gray was quivering with pent-up feeling, as the boy halted short, saluted, and, striving to steady his eager voice, said:

"Captain, the colonel directs that you open sharp fire on the woods in your front and occupy the enemy there. He is about to charge with the Third battalion and drive them out of the trenches we've located over yonder;" and Billy pointed eagerly to the left front—the southeast.

The captain's grizzled face took on a look of keen disappointment. "You mean we've got to stay here and see you fellows go in?"

"Only for a few minutes, sir. The colonel says that for you to charge before he's got onto their flank would cost too many men. You'll get the word as soon as he's got the works."

"Well said, Billy boy! That sounds almost epigrammatic. Hullo! You hit? Stoop down here, man. Don't try to get perforated."

"My hat only," was the answer, as the boy stooped quickly to hide the irrepressible twitching about the muscles of his lip. A Remington had ripped from side to side, tearing a way through the curly hair at the top of his head and almost scoring the scalp. To save his soul he could not quite suppress the trembling of his knees; but, steadying himself by great effort, he continued: "The colonel says to commence firing by volley the moment our bugles sound the charge. Now I must get back."

"All right, youngster. Tell the colonel I say, and we'll do our level best—only, let us into it as quick as you can."

But Gray heard only the first part of the sentence. He was panting when he reached his plaid, gray-mustached chief, and could only gasp out: "The captain understands, sir." And then the regimental commander simply turned to the battalion leader, standing silent at his left in a little clump of timber—another veteran captain grown gray as himself in long, long years of service:

"Now's our time, old man! Pitch in! Gray, we'll go with him."

(To Be Continued.)

## STILL UNSUITED.

She Didn't Get What She Wanted, Because the Salesman Was Too Obliging.

"Waited on, miss?"

"No, I wish to see some gloves."

"Gloves? Certainly! Twenty-four! Show this lady our latest arrivals in gloves."

No. 24 uncovers a brown box.

"Here they are! Genuine three-button French kids. To-day they are advertised for \$1.99. Worth more."

"They are not exactly what I wished."

"Oh, I see! You prefer a pique glove. Examine these."

"I did not say a word about pique gloves."

"You are right! It's my mistake. You said suede. Here they are on this case. Three-clasp, gray?"

"Did you hear me say suede, young man?"

"Well, er—that is, I couldn't say exactly. You may have said suede or you may have said mocha. I think, now, you said mocha. Here they are in the latest effects. Fleece-lined. Extremely comfortable. Should I wrap these up?"

"No, sir. I don't wish any mocha."

"Is it possible? Here I have been under the impression that you wished mocha gloves, and it turns out that you wish something entirely different. It just shows, miss, how we can get in correct ideas. But at last we have a mutual understanding. You wish an astrakhan fleece-lined kid? Just examine these gloves under the skylight."

"I don't wish them!"

"Don't wish these? Is it possible? Miss, did you say anything about cashmere gloves?"

"Not a word."

"And you didn't wish to see any mittens?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, miss, would you please be so kind as to designate the exact style of glove you are looking for?"

"I would have done so long ago if you had only given me the chance to get in a word edgewise. I wish to look at a heavy, coarse pair of teamster's gloves. I am going to give them to our ashman as a Christmas present. He is the most accommodating ashman in the city. You just ought to meet him. But have you any gloves in that line?"

"No! Go to a tanner's and have a pair tanned to order." Then he turned on his heel and strode up to the other end of the counter.—Chicago Tribune.

**Marginal Notes.**

The descendant of a New England Puritan divine has in his possession an old sermon written by his ancestor which shows that the preacher did not trust entirely to the impulses of the moment when delivering his discourses. The manuscript is written in a strange crabbed hand, and plentifully besprinkled with marginal references. "Read slowly here," the minister admonishes himself in one spot, and "To be given out very loud and clear," is the suggestion for another passage. "Hurry a little, with fire," he wrote in several places. The most emphatic and important part of the whole sermon is indicated by a much-underlined marginal note. After hearing stories of this saintly old-time preacher, it is amusing to know that as deemed it wise and even necessary, a climax of his eloquence to "Yell like one possessed."—Youth's Companion.

## Better Blood Better Health

If you don't feel well to-day you can be made to feel better by making your blood better. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great pure blood maker. That is how it cures that tired feeling, pimples, sores, salt rheum, scrofula and catarrh. Get a bottle of this great medicine and begin taking it at once and see how quickly it will bring your blood up to the Good Health point.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

## GAVE SOME POKER ADVICE.

How Comedian Daly "Laid Down" to His Tailor by Telephone.

There probably have been times when Dan Daly was a few cents ahead in a quiet game of draw, but nobody in the alley seems to be able to locate them. His hands never yet have become calloused dragging celluloid buttons across a green cloth. He has got so used to quietly "laying down" that any other turn of affairs, his friends are afraid, would bring about heart failure.

The other day his tailor called him up by telephone, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"Hello," says the tailor.

"Hello," says the telephone girl, soft and mellow. "Number, please."

"Umpteen hundred and 'steen," says the tailor.

"Well, hello," says Daly.

"Is Mr. Daly there?" asks the tailor.

"Yes. This is he."

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Daly? I didn't recognize your voice."

"Yes, yes."

"Keep away there, central! Hello there! Hello there! Hello, Mr. Daly!"

"Hello, well, what is it?" says Daly.

"This is Mr. Taylor," says the tailor.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Hello! Is that Mr. Daly?" shrieks the tailor.

"Yes, yes, yes. What are you trying to do?"

"I've got two pairs of trousers here—" begins the tailor.

"Speak louder," says Daly.

"I've got—" begins the tailor again.

"You're too near the 'phone," says Daly.

"Then the tailor roars:

"I've got two pairs—"

"They're good," says Daly, and he rings off.

**\$100 Reward \$100.**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The sponge, unlike men, generally swells with pride when made to "take water."—Norristown Herald.

S. R. Baldwin, Columbus, Ga., writes: I occasionally give a Teething Powder to keep my teething child's gums softened.

A child sometimes gets on the wrong track because of a misplaced switch.—Chicago Daily News.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADLESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

Premeditated smart sayings nearly always contain poison.—Athenian Globe.

All the Kentucky belles chew Kisme Gum. They like it.

As a moss gatherer the rolling joke heads the list.—Chicago Daily News.

## LIKE MANY OTHERS

Clara Kopp Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Tells what it did for Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have seen so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies that I thought I would ask your advice in regard to my condition. I have been doctoring for four years and have taken different patent medicines, but received very little benefit. I am troubled with backache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, by spells get short of breath and am very nervous. Menstruation is very irregular with severe bearing down pains, cramps and backache. I hope to hear from you at once."

—CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., Sept. 27, 1898.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I wrote you some time ago, describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave. I am now healthy and cannot begin to praise your remedy enough. I would say to all suffering women, 'Take Mrs. Pinkham's advice, for a woman best understands a woman's sufferings, and Mrs. Pinkham, from her vast experience in treating female ills, can give you advice that you can get from no other source.'"

—CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., April 13, 1899.

Every shop, factory and family should always have

## Palmer's Lotion

on hand; for wounds, bruises, stings of insects,

## BURNS,

&c., are sure to happen. See large circular.

Use

## Lotion Soap

at all times At Druggists only.



THE FIRST PART OF THE



## BEREA COMMENCEMENT, 1900.

The Commencement season of 1900 will be memorable in many ways: First, for the completion of the subscription to secure Dr. Pearsons' second gift, Second, for the visit of Miss Helen M. Gould, of New York City; and third, for the great rain. The Commencement address by Rev. Dr. Wallace Nutting of Providence, R. I., was another memorable feature, although owing to the rain, it was not heard by as many people as wished to hear it.

## The Endowment.

The endowment is a sacred fund to be held by the Trustees of the College forever, and to be kept invested, the income only to be used for the payment of teachers and other expenses of the school. Dr. Pearsons had promised that if \$150,000 were secured from other sources, he would add \$50,000 more. When Pres. Frost was home in March, less than one-half the amount had been secured, and it is a special token of divine favor and fortune that so large an amount has been secured in so short a time. When the president appeared on Sunday morning, before the prayer he stated that \$12,000 was still lacking. Monday and Tuesday brought \$4,000 of this amount. On Monday some forty letters were mailed, and on Tuesday twenty telegrams were sent. The result was that letters and telegrams came in on Commencement Day, so that before three o'clock in the afternoon as a telegram from Newton, Massachusetts, was handed up to the platform in the tabernacle, the announcement was made that the great subscription was completed.

Two things are to be remembered in connection with this great event. In the first place, this subscription represents the friendship and endorsement of the best people in the land. Berea never publishes the names of its donors, but it is well known that among those who have contributed to this fund are many of the foremost men and women of our country. One gift of a thousand dollars came from Mrs. E. S. Draper, a daughter of the late Secretary Bristow, of Lexington, Kentucky.

Another thing to be remembered is that while this subscription represents a great deal of money, it will not make Berea College rich. Not one cent of it can be spent. It will require several months to collect this money. After that it must be carefully invested, and when interest matures it will begin to yield an income which will make a small part of the expenses of this great institution. It will still be necessary to secure by annual gifts a large part of the money needed to maintain at the College all the lines of work which it is carrying on for the benefit of the people. Berea College is not yet rich, but it is making progress and it has friends.

## Miss Gould's Visit.

No event for a long time has attracted so much attention in Kentucky, or shown so clearly the commanding position now occupied by Berea, as the visit of Miss Gould, and certainly no event has given greater pleasure to the students and teachers here. The fact that President and Mrs. Frost were away until about the time of Miss Gould's arrival made it impossible to make such preparation as might otherwise have been desired. But with the simplest arrangements Miss Gould seemed to have a good time, and certainly added to the pleasure of our other guests. She arrived in a special car provided by the Louisville and Nashville R. R., at 1:30 in the afternoon. She had been met in Cincinnati by Hon. Guy Ward Mallon and other of Berea's Trustees, who accompanied her to Berea. She was entertained at the Rogers House, one of the historical residences now owned by the College, and occupied by Prof. Mason, who is now abroad studying forestry in the Old World. Mrs. Mason performed admirably the duties of both host and hostess. Miss Gould was accompanied by her cousins, Miss Pallen and Miss Northrop, her friend, Mrs. Hain, and her secretary, Miss Coots.

On Tuesday night she dined with the Faculty, and on Wednesday night with the Trustees and other guests at Ladies' Hall. On Wednesday, undeterred by the rain, she attended all the students' exercises in the forenoon, and visited the cooking school, shop, printing office, hospital, and fair of homespun industries in the afternoon. While avoiding publicity in every way, she was most gracious in manner, and was introduced to a great many people.

To the school itself the most interesting incident of her visit was a reception by the pupils on the steps of Ladies' Hall. Miss Sallie Barbee

made a little address of welcome, and Ellen Click, of Tennessee, spoke words of thanks for her interest in our school, and presented her with a bunch of mountain laurel.

On Thursday, accompanied by Mrs. Frost and Dr. W. E. Barton, Miss Gould made an excursion of about fifteen miles into the mountains, partly in a carriage and partly on horseback. She wore a sunbonnet, rode gracefully, and called at several mountain homes whose people hardly knew who the beautiful, gracious stranger was. On Friday she took another drive, and left on the noon train, standing on the back platform and waving her handkerchief to the throng of friends at the depot. During the stop at Richmond Miss Gould and the Trustees accompanying her lunched at the home of Hon. Curtis F. Burnam.

Pres. and Mrs. Frost joined her on Saturday for a trip through other parts of the state.

Miss Gould expressed herself as delighted with every feature of her visit, and her cousins, if not Miss Gould herself, declare that they shall come again. We all hope they will.

## Other Exercises.

Among the important exercises of Commencement week, none was more memorable than the sermon to the graduates by Rev. W. H. Hubbard of Auburn, N. Y. He is a native of Kentucky and a graduate of Princeton and Amherst, and pastor of the largest church in Auburn. He is a man of middle age, vigorous and warm-hearted. His discourse was one which will never be forgotten by any who heard it.

On Monday night, June 4th, the annual address before the literary societies was given by Rev. W. B. Marsh of Talmadge, O., upon the subject, "The Law of Christian Possessions." In the matter of clearness of thought and force of expression the address has seldom been equalled before a Berea audience.

While the importance of wealth was not disputed, the mere ownership of large property was shown to be an unworthy object, though attended by some benefactions. "It is to be doubted whether the University of Chicago can be considered an antidote for the Standard Oil Company."

A rich man is oftener a slave than a lord. A modest competence will give as much of all that makes life pleasant, without involving such a burden of care. The speaker made the point in an admirable manner, that true possession may be quite apart from deeds of ownership. The graceful architecture and the beautiful grounds of the millionaire may not delight him so much as the humble resident across the way. Knowledge is essential to possession. In the highest sense we possess the field when we comprehend the growth of its vegetation, or the heavenly bodies when we can compute the marvelous regularity of their motions. Love is also essential. With the deepest possession we apply the possessive "my" to the thing or person that most stirs our hearts and leads us to sacrifice of self. And so possession in the largest measure depends upon the highest development of character.

The concert of the Music Department, Tuesday evening, June 5, was one of the most enjoyable features of the week, and reflected credit upon Rev. and Mrs. Lodwick, who have had charge of the Department for the past year. The following program was rendered: March from Athalia, by Misses Paddock, Lester, Yocum, and Todd. These were all young performers, but are numbered among the best music pupils in their grade. Musical Box, by Miss Todd. Miss Todd comes of a musical family, and gives promise of unusual success. Serenade, by Louise Yocum. Miss Yocum is gifted, her touch is beyond criticism and she throws feeling into every note. Summer Days, by Ladies' Glee Club. This is a new organization, but Mrs. Lodwick has accomplished much more than could have been expected in so short a time. The Chase, by Jennie Hanson. Miss Hanson is the most advanced student in music, and those who have had the pleasure of hearing her in the recitals of the past year have enjoyed the rare skill which she has shown. Spring Delights, by Harmonia Society. Mr. Lodwick has had charge of this society, and the improvement from the beginning of the year has been marked and noted with pleasure by the friends of the school. Amaryllis, by Grace Lester. Miss Lester has a dreamy, sweet style at the piano, which produces a soothing effect upon her audience. Spring Song, and Bride Bells, by Anna Hanson. Miss Hanson is a young singer, this year

being the first she has appeared in public, but her sweet voice and charming appearance have already won for her much praise and admiration. Murmuring Breezes, by Miss Paddock. Miss Paddock has the touch and technique which belong only to gifted natures, and we predict for her a bright future. Until the Dawn, by the College Glee Club. This number received the most enthusiastic applause of the audience, and it was well deserved. Tripping Through the Meadows, Crystal Spring, and Songs of the Vikings were all well received.

The students' exercises on Wednesday morning were of uniformly high grade. The speakers were self-possessed and earnest in manner, and while all of them contended with great disadvantages of rain on the roof as well as rain dripping through the roof and an audience more concerned with umbrellas than with the speakers, in spite of these trying circumstances the young people acquitted themselves well. Mr. Chaipin who concluded his oration amid drowning rain and deafening thunder, really showed a remarkable degree of self-possession.

## Distinguished Visitors.

The usual number of distinguished visitors were present. Messrs. Harris and Burnam of Richmond were noticed on the platform. Rev. C. W. Wilcox, a missionary from Africa, who is expecting to locate his family in Berea for education while he returns to his work, gave a brief address in the tabernacle, and also a sermon Sunday night. Rev. D. McDonald, of Danville, Ky., also spoke. Miss Pettit, of Lexington, Mrs. Smith and Miss Gant, of New York City were here.

## The Trustees.

The Trustees' meeting occurred on Thursday, and the concluding session was on Friday morning. Wm. Goodell Frost, John G. Fee, Samuel G. Hanson, and Josiah Burdette are the local Trustees, and there were present Hon. C. F. Burnam, of Richmond, Hon. Addison Ballard and Rev. W. E. Barton, from Chicago, Hon. Guy Ward Mallon, E. R. Stearns, Esq., and Maj. H. P. Lloyd, from Cincinnati, Rev. W. E. C. Wright, of Olivet, Michigan, and Hon. Raphael Rogers, son of Prof. Rogers, from Brooklyn, N. Y.

## September 12th.

Let every reader of the CITIZEN remember that school opens in Berea September 12th. Lay your plans to be here or to send your children on that day. Here is this great fountain of blessing, and it is going to be enjoyed by those who step forward to take its advantages. If you think your children are worth educating, if you are willing to invest a little in sending them to school, remember that the time to do so is now. Lay your plans, increase your earnings, save your money, and be on hand September 12th.

## What is Berea College for You.

Berea College is enlisting hundreds of young people and setting them in motion towards honor and success. It is fitting girls to be competent housekeepers, dressmakers, teachers, and nurses. It is fitting boys to be good farmers, teachers, and successful business men, as well as printers and mechanics. It is a college whose fame has gone out through all the land, and many young men and young women travel hundreds of miles to enjoy its advantages.

Now what does Berea College mean to you? Are you going to get some of these advantages for yourself and your children? If not, why not?

## Owsley County.

## Eversole.

The much needed rain was a welcome visitor last week.

Mrs. Jane Stats visited her mother, Margaret Moore, last week.

Miss Bertha Duff, of Wolf Creek, visited Miss Dora Moore last week.

Albert Gabbard was married to Miss Mary Hicks, of Beattyville, last Thursday.

Miss Etta Seale, of South Fork, visited Mrs. Nannie Moore last Saturday and Sunday.

Robert Cellahan was married to Miss Belle Taylor, of Wolf Creek, last Saturday by Rev. Sherman Anderson.

Anderson Taylor and Miss Mary Combs, both of Wolf Creek, were married at the home of the bride's parents by Rev. Sherman Anderson.

Hardly a day passes, in families where there are children, in which Ballard's Snow Liniment is not needed. It quickly cures Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Burns and Scalds. Price 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

## THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE U. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

## Reading.

Many people that have reached the age of maturity can judge the effect of the reading they adopted in the earlier years of life. Pure reading produces pure thoughts. Vicious stories that excite the mind for a time lead many young minds to follow in the same path, and if the seed be vicious can we expect good fruit to come from it?

How often do we read the testimony of men convicted for some offence, that they owed their downfall to sensational books or vicious literature.

Every parent cannot be too careful to examine the reading their children obtain, for remember youth's minds are like white paper ready to receive any impressions for good or evil.

We can form a good idea by our own experiences. We all can recollect how the stories we read in our youth made us discontented and dissatisfied with our homes. Our lives seemed dull, uneventful to us then, we chafed under the kind advice of our parents, our protectors; we wanted to see the same adventures we read about; but alas, the true meaning did not impress itself on our teachable minds then. Time shows this to us and regrets fasten themselves to our spirits. We are like a mirror, then memory in panoramic view, shows us the truth of the past and we say to ourselves, I can't change it now, the time is past. No, it is not too late, the sting of regret can be appeased by forming a strong resolution to commence again.

What? Begin now, I am so old? Yes, begin again, live your youth over now, you are wiser now. Read good books, good papers, it will help you to overcome despair, and give you renewed courage don't hesitate, begin at once. If you are a parent, place in the hands of your family a good book, a paper or two, spend your evenings at home, invite your children's efforts to make the home circle attractive, let them read aloud in turn it is an entertainment, the young members of the family will soon adopt, and when they can feel that they are to take part in it, the home circle will be an attraction, a strong magnet that will replace the allurements of town, saloon, or street. The influence will last in the children's minds as long as they live.

If a cigarette could talk it would perhaps make the following speech: "I am not much of a mathematician but I can add to a man's various troubles; I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains; I can divide his mental power; I can take interest from his work and discount his chances of success.—Ex.

A sallow, jaundiced skin is a symptom of disordered liver, as it springs from biliary poisons retained in the blood, which destroy energy, cheerfulness, strength, vigor, happiness and life. Herbine will restore the natural functions of the liver. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

## THE FARM.

## THE COW.

A Class Essay at Berea College by EDWARD P. DUNCAN.

(Continued from last week.)

Manure is quite variable in composition owing to the variable nature of the food fed. Cow manure decomposes slowly and develops little heat. The bedding plays an important part in the quality of the manure. It should be of such a nature as to be clean, healthful and comfortable to the cow when standing or lying upon it. It should absorb and retain liquid manure; it should be a material that would add value to the manure pile and be easily decomposed. Manure rapidly undergoes change. When it can immediately be removed to the field after making there is not much loss, but when it must be stored for some time the difficulties of preservation are greatly increased. The loss in value of manure results from two chief causes: (1) Leaching, whereby nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid are lost. Thus, when manure is exposed to the elements it rapidly decreases in value. (2) Fermentation, whereby nitrogen is lost. Fermentation is dependent upon temperature, moisture, and the nature of the manure as regards compactness. The higher the temperature the more rapidly it will decay. If the manure is too compact, decomposition will be slow and the manure will not become sufficiently rotted, if too loose, decomposition is too rapid, and ammonia will escape. To attain a good quality of manure the heap should always be kept moist. However, the value does not lie in knowing how much manure decreases in value when stored in a heap, but in knowing and applying the best means for the prevention of the loss. To prevent leaching it is best to store manure in a shed, and to prevent fermentation the use of absorbents and preservatives in the form of leaves, saw-dust, gypsum, straw, peat, etc., is advised. Peat, peat-moss, saw dust, and spent tan-bark are the best absorbents. Gypsum and kanit are the best preservatives. Gypsum or kanit should be applied frequently, thus preventing escape of ammonia as well as all unpleasant odors. It is best in using straw as bedding to have it cut short, thereby avoiding any inconvenience in farming the land to which it is applied, and it is not best to use more than is necessary to keep the cow clean and absorb liquids. The heap should be kept compact. Forking it over prevents fermentation.

Aside from the serious inconvenience and pain caused by piles, there is a tendency to fistula and to cancer in the rectal regions. Piles should not be allowed to run on unchecked. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment is an infallible remedy. Price, 50 cts. a bottle, tubes 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Men who preach by the yard, generally practice by the inch.—Ex.

A falling glass in the kitchen usually indicates a domestic storm.—Ex.

The man who bets seems never to grow old enough to know better.—Ex.

## THE SCHOOL.

## A Story.

Written in five chapters by five different members of Utle Dulce Literary Society.

## CHAPTER V.

(Continued from last week.)

William was pleasantly entertained at the farm house. Sitting in the yard after supper, he complimented the old gentleman on his excellent garden and pasture.

"Yes," said his host, "We have done something with the old place. We lost a good home out west—were not satisfied with getting rich slowly, as the Yankees were, but had to go and borrow money to make more money with, and then lost everything one bad year. This place belonged to a cousin of mine. He died three years ago and we took it. It looked forsaken then. The house was where the garden is now, and the garden was here, and that pasture was all a corn field. The dirt all washed off the old garden down over the old yard, and there was a pig pen just above the old house, and the yard had the washings of that too. The folks had chopped wood in front of the house so many years that the rotten chips were six inches deep. There was a pile of old saw-dust by the road just east of the house that scared our old horse half to death when we first drove her past it. My boy made her walk right up to it and smell it, and she just snorted to think what she'd scared at. One of my girls looked pretty blue at having to live in such a looking place, but the oldest one said, 'Nell has sense enough not to worry over that pile of saw-dust now that she knows what it is; I move that we stop worrying about it and make it useful or ornamental.'"

So the boys smoothed off the saw-dust pile, and raked off the chip yard and plowed it up, and plowed up the old hog lot, and it all made the best garden in the country. The old corn field was worn out, so we sowed clover there. Don't know as it's paid for itself yet, in dollars and cents, but it will in a year or two more, for clover roots are powerful at pulling the good soil up from below and spreading it out on top of the ground. By the time that clover field gets to be pretty good ground the new garden will begin to wear out, and we'll change about. My daughter says she takes as much comfort in our home now as she does in a made-over dress. It would have gone to waste if we hadn't made it over."

William glanced at the "daughter" whom he heard quoted so often. She was teaching a hopelessly dull looking girl to make a doll's dress, and now, as if to turn attention from herself, she asked William how long he had been in Kentucky; and a few more questions led him to tell, without his knowing it, all about where he had lived and where he had attended school, and how he had made his way through a course of study.

The dull looking girl had finished her doll dress, and the teacher and one of her brothers took her home. After the party had left the house, the younger sister said, "What can be made of that stupid creature?"

"O," replied the younger brother, "the General can make something worth while out of most anything." William mediated a long time that night. And the result of his meditations was about as follows. God made everything in this world for something, and he made me for something—time I am finding out what it is. Then he thought of the remark of the younger brother—"The General can make something worth while out of most anything—wonder if—"

(Continued next week.)



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The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations. For information or friendly advice address the Vice-President,

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, LL. D., Berea, Madison Co., Ky.